

LOS ANGELES DAILY HERALD

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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco will find The Herald on sale daily at the news stands in the Palace and St. Francis hotels, and for sale at Cooper & Co., 846 Market; at News Co., 8 P. Ferry, and on the streets by Wheatley.

With three senatorial aspirants from Southern California and four from San Francisco a lively scrimmage may be expected when the voting begins in the legislature.

France and Morocco are reported as having settled their recent misunderstanding, but no particulars are given. It is suspected that France intimated a purpose to tan Morocco.

On the principle of "better late than never" the Idaho legislature has two bills in hand making the practice of polygamy in the state criminal and imposing severe penalties.

The Lick observatory astronomers report the discovery of "a hundred new double stars." A good many such discoveries are made in holiday week, probably, by persons of convivial habits.

The death might have been expected of that Milwaukee child named Theodore Roosevelt Henry Clay Payne Brandenberg. It would tax the health of a robust man to drag around such a name as that.

A strange phenomenon is that one reported from Owingsville, Ky., where a subterranean fire is raging. It looks as if there might be a splendid opportunity there for starting a religious revival.

Considerable fire has resulted from Prescott's contact with Flint. Whether it will result in a red-hot Republican fight is a question both interesting and amusing to the Democrats of California.

Last week was devoted chiefly to oiling the machinery of the new municipal administration. Tomorrow the full head of steam will be turned on and it will be interesting to watch the play of the gearing.

A dispatch from Washington says "Secretary Morton will sign a contract for four submarine boats." It is supposed that there will be no provision in the specifications for either the smokestack or the "cow-catcher."

In his third and last effort the president succeeded in forcing through the senate the appointment of W. D. Crum, the negro collector of the port at Charleston. The presidential lash has more sting in it since the election.

The Colorado Republicans graciously allow the Democrats three of the fifteen members of the committee who are to canvass the election returns. There is nothing small about those Centennial Republicans—in the matter of their own share.

A lively fight for control of San Francisco's gas business is promised as a result of the Standard Oil company's entry into the field. It is intimated that the price of gas may drop to 50 cents per thousand. What a thud such a drop would cause in Los Angeles!

A supreme court decision just rendered in Nebraska is likely to be a serious setback to attempts in progress in several states to introduce the beet sugar industry. The Nebraska legislature passed an act giving a bounty on sugar beets grown in the state. The law now is declared unconstitutional.

It is said that preparations have been in progress three years for the temperance crusade that is to begin soon in Los Angeles. There is nothing so important as thorough readiness for a campaign of any kind. The temperance people evidently have studied the military methods of the Japanese.

A dispatch from San Francisco tells of "a pretty and stylishly dressed woman" who was arrested there for passing spurious checks on Los Angeles and San Bernardino banks. It is stated that "she laughs at the charges against her." If she were homely it would be no laughing matter for her in San Francisco.

In a suit involving a branch of the beef trust the argument is advanced that the trust does not conflict with interstate commerce because "the business is confined entirely to Chicago." That does not tally with the flaming advertisements about the trust's line of business extending "from ranch to consumer."

A resident of the Sixth ward reports that a representative of the gas company notified all the householders in his block a few days ago that there would be no more extensions of gas mains in the ward "so long as the councilmen manifest a disposition to interfere with the affairs of the company." If that is true it affords another reason why the pending lighting ordinance should be passed with jarring quickness.

According to the new building ordinance no structure will be permitted in Los Angeles hereafter that is more than eight stories high. The wisdom of that restriction is not apparent. In proportion to the increase of land values in the business heart of any city it becomes necessary to erect taller buildings. It has been demonstrated that buildings much higher than eight stories are as safe as two-story structures when the modern steel frames are introduced.

A dispatch from New York states that "Dr. Heber Newton, the eminent divine, has created a big sensation in the religious world by declaring his belief in spiritualism." Only total strangers to Dr. Newton's sayings could be surprised by such a declaration. He is vice president of the Liberal Congress of Religions, and he is described as "noted for radical liberality of religious views frequently expressed in sermons." He is the author of a work on Christian Science.

A CONDITION TO BE EXPECTED

There is nothing really astonishing in the reports of railway traffic managers to the effect that the tourist travel to Southern California is breaking all records this season. Such travel necessarily will increase in large ratio with each succeeding year. Every individual who visits this section becomes an animated advertisement, spreading the attractions of the sunshine land wherever he or she may go.

The population of Los Angeles alone is increasing at the rate of more than 15,000 a year, and hence tens of thousands of letters are added each year to the number of the preceding year telling friends "back east" of the wonders of this favored land. Added to this increase in the distribution of information abroad are several elements calculated to enlarge the volume of travel in this direction. Among them are the great advancement in railway accommodation and the comforts of travel, the growing attractions of our coast resorts and the passing of the provincial character which distinguished all the cities and towns of Southern California not many years ago.

Tourists who come here for a stay of a few weeks are surprised now by the metropolitan character of Los Angeles and its environs, and also by the sprightly modern appearance of the minor communities. In this city they find hotels, stores, theaters and the like quite on a level with the best they are familiar with in the large cities of the eastern states. Hence they are inclined to prolong their stay beyond original expectation, and there is an ever increasing proportion of them who determine to come here for permanent residence.

While the number of tourist arrivals is exceptionally large at the beginning of the post-holiday season this year, such increase will be more marked hereafter for the reasons noted above.

IDEAL SUGAR PRODUCING REGION

An announcement of far-reaching importance to Southern California has just been made by the chemistry division of the federal department of agriculture. The gist of the statement is the evidence that this section of the country is pre-eminently adapted for the beet sugar industry. That is to say, the natural conditions requisite for cultivation of the sugar beet to best advantage are more nearly ideal in Southern California than in any other part of the United States.

After five years of research and experimentation the chemists of the agricultural department have found just what conditions are essential to success in the beet sugar production. They have covered the whole line of investigation, including conditions of temperature, hours of sunshine and cloudiness, elevation and latitude, etc. These studies embrace the whole range of country in the United States worth testing for this particular industry, ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The result of all this labor is the conclusion that abundant sunshine combined with low mean temperature during the beet growing months are the primary conditions. Upon these factors depend chiefly the percentage of beet saccharine, which is the essential matter in beet sugar production.

There seems to be no doubt that Southern California is better adapted than any other portion of the United States for supplying the American market with sugar. The demand for the product may be understood from the fact that this country now imports more than 2,000,000 tons of sugar yearly. The quantity of beet sugar produced in the United States last year was but little more than 200,000 tons, while Germany produced about ten times as much, with Russia and Austria going above the mark of 1,000,000 tons each and France close to that figure.

California should supply a large proportion of the sugar consumed in the United States and the time is not far distant when it will supply it.

SENATOR BARD'S PLEA FOR ARIZONA

It was a cogent argument in favor of Arizona's autonomy that Senator Bard made on Friday in his speech before the senate. It was an earnest, logical and judicial plea for the constitutional rights of California's territorial neighbors. And it was all the more convincing because of Senator Bard's personal acquaintance with every phase of the issue involved in the odious Arizona-New Mexico statehood proposition.

One feature of the senator's argument is new and the presentation of it must have been effective. It is based on the enabling act whereby Arizona was taken from New Mexico and made a separate territory in 1863, forty-one years ago. This provision of the enabling act was cited by the senator:

"Provided, that nothing in the provisions of this act shall be construed to prohibit the congress of the United States from dividing said territory or changing its boundaries in such manner and at such times as it may deem proper."

It will be noted that the provision clearly defines the power reserved by congress, and hence the absence of any provision for destroying the territory's autonomy virtually indicates that no such authority is reserved. But that is not all. As pointed out by Senator Bard, in every one of the twelve acts creating territorial governments passed by congress from 1836 to 1863, excepting only the act relating to the territory of Washington, there was a "reservation of the right to attach any portion of the territory to any other state or territory of the United States."

It is evident, therefore, that to deprive Arizona of its autonomy after forty-one years of territorial independence, and to merge it substantially in New Mexico, would be not only an outrage upon the people of the territory but a clear violation by congress of its own compact.

Senator Bard made an eloquent appeal from his standpoint as a Californian for our neighbors on the other side of the Colorado river. He said: "As my residence is in the southern part of California, which is especially thus closely connected with Arizona, I have the opportunity of knowing the sentiment of the people in respect to statehood."

Then followed this earnest plea to the senate: "I am pleading for Arizona; not that she may now be exalted to the rank and dignity of a sovereign state of the union, but that she may be spared the humiliation of being deprived of her separate autonomy, which has been recognized for more than forty-one years, and that she may not suffer the degradation which this bill proposes to inflict by forcing her people against their wishes and protest, under circumstances which are beyond their power to prevent and upon unequal terms, to be joined forever with her sister territory of New Mexico."

This forceful and convincing speech by Senator Bard presents the statehood issue in a new light from the judicial viewpoint and is impressive as a general appeal for the right. There is reason to believe that the speech will have a powerful influence in convincing senators that it would be an outrage to force Arizona into the statehood yoke with New Mexico.

THE SUNDAY OF THE PURITANS

Painful Recollections of Maj. Ben C. Truman

In his address to the Sunset club at its Christmas jinks on the "Puritan," Judge Enoch Knight declared, in one piece, and looked up from his manuscript and over the crowd with a kindly glow of reminiscent savor, that "many of the New England Sundays, even in his boyhood days, were uncomfortably long and tedious," which set more than one old head in an acquiescent movement, as three or four of the elderly boys of the Sunset were born and brought up in New England.

The writer remembers the time when he attended the Sunday school regularly at 9 o'clock, after partaking of a breakfast of pork and beans, brown bread and Indian pudding that had been baking all night in the big chimney oven, after which there was morning service from half past 10 to 12. Then a second attack on the viands of the morning (now all cold) and pie and doughnuts—for it was wicked to cook on Sundays—and then to church again at 2 and out at 4; then tea at 6, the accompaniments being bread and butter, pie and doughnuts, and sometimes a few slivers of dried beef. At half past 7 saw us all in church again, which lasted until 9. Our venerated parents were all pious, said grace before each meal and had Bible reading and praying every Saturday evening.

These were the days when there was severe religion in every Protestant family in the New England states and very much in the middle and southern states as well. These were the days when the heads of ninety-nine out of every 100 Protestant families observed the Lord's day from Saturday evening to Monday morning; where sanctity prevailed for more than twenty-four hours; where the elderly ones sat with scripture and concordance in hand, peering over biblical lore, and the younger people committed whole chapters of the gospel and read "library books" telling them how boys who played on Sundays and "didn't get their catechism perfect" and "all other bad children" would go to hell.

There were no street cars nor omnibuses nor other traffic innovations; no talleys with young men and young women shouting "Rah! Rah! Rah! Pasa! De! Na!" no vaudeville nor even sacred concert shows; no teas, no re-

ceptions; nor even the slightest social intercourse; no smiles, no national joy, no human sunshine. The elderly men—that is, some of them—may have indulged quietly in a little more rum and molasses or monongahela or rye than was good for them, and the merchants and other storekeepers may have watered or adulterated things and given unfair measure, just as some of our church-going shopkeepers do today. But they were all pillars of the church upon whose staunchness and stability the souls of their pastors might safely rely.

But of all other things the Sabbath of the Puritans and of all the other orthodox Protestants, sixty and eighty years ago, was not a day of rest, nor of pleasure, nor of home joy and influence. It comprised too much assembling of the crowds for that—too much preaching, too much praying and too much of everything that reminded one constantly of a devil with horns and hoofs and a long tail that pitched everybody that didn't read the Bible and believe in a cruel God, in a bottomless pit that burneth forever with fire and brimstone.

As the judge emotionally said, in parenthesis, "and how well I remember those long, overdrawn hours." Many another can call to mind the early Sunday school, the Bible class, the three sermons, the catechism and gospel equipment, the three sayings of grace, the exhortation and prayer, the cold dinner, the so-called tea, which the young people were not permitted to drink, and the sometimes slight aroma of a surreptitious snifter of Jamaica rum that blew through the old man's whiskers. There is this to say, however, that while there were jealousies, bickerings, false witness, adulterations of foods, alleged sanding of sugars and watering of molasses, and other comparatively trivial mendacities, there were few felonious acts committed, and in 100 years in New England not many appalling crimes. Indeed there have been more murders in Los Angeles in the single year of 1904 than in the six New England states in the half century ending in 1850; more than in Boston and seven other New England cities during the same year, and twice more than in the city of New York when it contained 1,000,000 inhabitants—and yet there are more churches in

circumstances they did no appreciable harm. While Los Angeles has been absolutely free from any disasters from earthquakes the Angelic City has had a couple of scares—one of them huge or risping, to devise cacophonous words to fill the bill. About twenty years ago I was sitting in my office opposite the old court house about 9 o'clock in the evening, when seismic disturbances began. They were in good form and there was no nonsense about them. My dog Tin arose, shook himself and looked me inquiringly in the eye. The plaster began to fall pretty freely. Tip stretched himself, gave a lubberish howl and sought further sources of information in the street outside. I partook of his curiosity and followed him.

EARTHQUAKES AND THE RAINFALL

Personal Experiences of Col. Joseph D. Lynch

The occurrence of four distinct earthquake shocks in San Francisco, Oakland and around the bay during the past week has again set the public mind to speculating about what has always been a bugaboo in this state. Singularly enough, the temblor has been associated with the name of California since the American occupation; and this though, since the opening of the nineteenth century, there has been more destruction of property from earthquakes in Massachusetts than in the Golden state, and there has been fifty times more havoc from seismic disturbances in South Carolina than in the Pacific states of the Union. Though this is true, doubtless tens of thousands of people, who had intended to "settle in the Golden state" changed their minds in early days, on account of the supposed prevalence of the dreaded temblor hereabouts; and other thousands have gone back to the east on account of occasional shakes. The popular expression forty years ago was that a California earthquake was much such a thing as has been so frequently reported from Guatemala and other Central American countries, where multitudes of people were killed and whole cities blotted out.

The most destructive earthquake as respects loss of life that ever occurred on that part of the Pacific coast which now forms a portion of the United States was at San Juan Capistrano, about sixty miles south of Los Angeles. It was some time during the war of 1812, and it owed its fatality to the fact that services were being held in the old mission church at the time. The temblor shook the roof down upon the worshippers, and many of them were killed. The same disasters have frequently occurred in Central and South America, owing to the fact that the holding of divine services and the advent of the earthquake were coincident, or the people had fled to the churches for refuge. It can scarcely be presumed that Providence had a grudge against the piously inclined.

My First Earthquake I shall never forget my first experience of an earthquake. It was in San Diego, and I was occupying a little building set on uprights, a sort of annex to the hotel of that name, kept by Captain Daniels. As I was editing a morning newspaper I kept late, or, rather, early hours. I had just blown out my light and was settling down to slumber, when I felt a violent rocking and trembling of my bed. It was exactly as though some immense animal were under the cot and had striven to rise up, and falling in the attempt, had made several futile efforts to roll out to the floor.

I noticed that I became very sick at the stomach, a quite usual accompaniment of an earthquake, although I did not know it at the time. I had no idea that I was being treated to my first temblor, but got up, lit my lamp and looked under the bed, fully expecting to find a monstrous beast of some kind, which I was prepared to encounter, revolver in hand. My surprise was great to see nothing. I then concluded that my enemy must be under the house, and I carried my inspection under the uprights on which it was built. With the same result. I went to bed and let it go at that. When I got up in the morning I heard everybody talking about the earthquake and I knew I had undergone my seismic initiation.

In those days there was in San Diego an aged Irish schoolmaster whose name was Joshua Sloane. He lived by himself in an old ramshackle building built on piles, which latter were very loose and shaky. The mischievous boys of San Diego were in the habit of rolling a barrel to a convenient station, placing a long pole over the barrel and under Sloane's shanty, and giving the old gentleman many a violent shake. He could be heard commending his soul to his Maker, and would be up-ton bright and early the next morning telling the good people how very near he had been to having his house shaken down over his ears the previous night. As nobody ever undeceived him his earthquake roster grew to be a formidable one.

over a period of years, but that the loss will be made good I believe. In the few remarks I am about to make I wish to separate the question of supplying a large city with an adequate water supply from irrigation in a country like that which surrounds Los Angeles. I shall not dwell upon the incalculable quantities of water we have wasted and which we might have conserved. I shall dwell simply upon the capabilities of our section for an extensive agriculture.

I believe that the average rainfall of Los Angeles county is about seventeen inches, and I am perfectly aware that last year is was only a little more than half that. But I think that the sixty inches we are shy, though it may take time, will come along. There is nothing that bars us out from the thirty inches in the valleys and ninety in the mountains of the season of 1884-85. If the weather clerk pleases he may send us such a season now.

I believe that there are regular rain cycles in Southern California, and that the rain precipitation in Los Angeles is at least seventeen inches a year—about that of the Sacramento valley. It is true that accurate details of the rainfall hereabouts do not go back far enough to give satisfactory data for scientific approximation of the rainfall. The United States weather statistics do not go back over thirty years and those of Mr. Ducommun do not go much further. But we are helped out by the fact that tradition says that there was a tremendous downpour in the famous '49, and that before the two years of horrible drouth in the early '60's there were a number of very wet years. The probability is that if we could collect the statistics of the last sixty years our standard of a normal yearly rainfall of seventeen inches needs only four or five wet years to be maintained. It must never be forgotten that the old native Californians have always claimed that it was the Americans who brought the dry weather to this section. They were undoubtedly harking back to the times of the regular cycle.

It is important that our intelligent eagerness to provide for a fine and ample municipal water supply should not be misconstrued into discrediting the ability of industrious farmers to raise satisfactory crops in many portions of Southern California without irrigation and in years of scanty rainfall. I saw a splendid corn crop raised to the west of Agricultural park in a pretty dry year, 1875, and when the ground was plowed after the last rainfall. There was no irrigation, and there were neither wells nor ditches to give any. In the famous season of drouth, 1876-77, Farmer Flood raised splendid crops of grain when the rainfall was only 4.85 inches. Flood knew his business, the crops were put in properly, and every drop of rainfall was made to count. In the neighboring county of Ventura there have been years of no great rainfall in which men have been known to pay \$65 an acre for bean lands and receive \$100 an acre clear profit for their crop.

I indulge in these reminiscences to let those who are not familiar with Southern California know that lands without a water right are often exceedingly valuable. There is no doubt whatever that Southern California needs a great, old-time drenching. Let us hope that we shall get it this year, and that the old-time cycle will come along, and for my part I believe it is on the way. It will in all likelihood be spread